



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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MAGAZINE

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Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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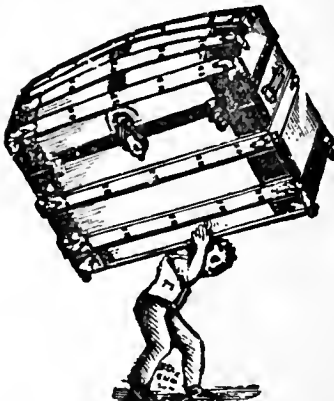
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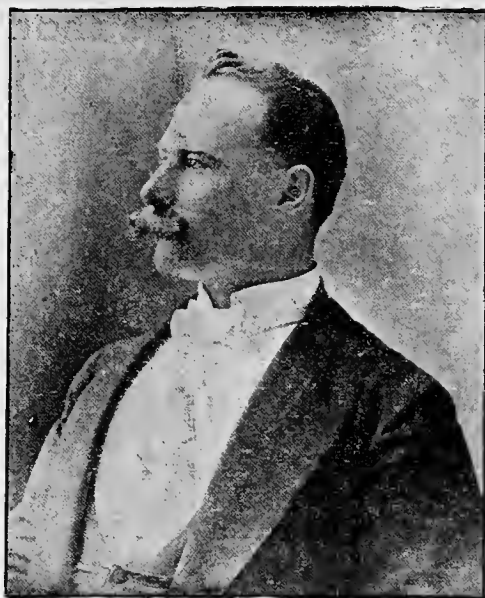
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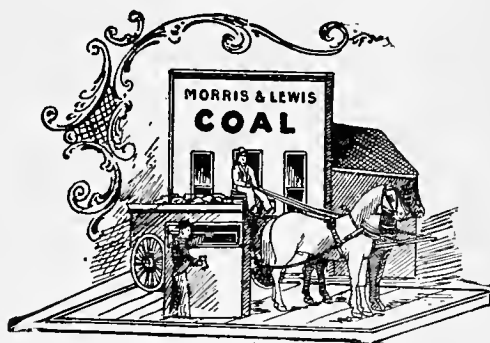


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Yours respectfully, JANE GREEN, Lehi, Utah.



SAVED HER HEARING—I feel very thankful that I have found you and have been able to take your splendid medicines and treatment—for without them I know that I would have lost my hearing. In fact, I believe that I would have been a total wreck. When I compare my present condition with what has been, I have to rejoice and feel glad. I am up and around at my work all the time now.
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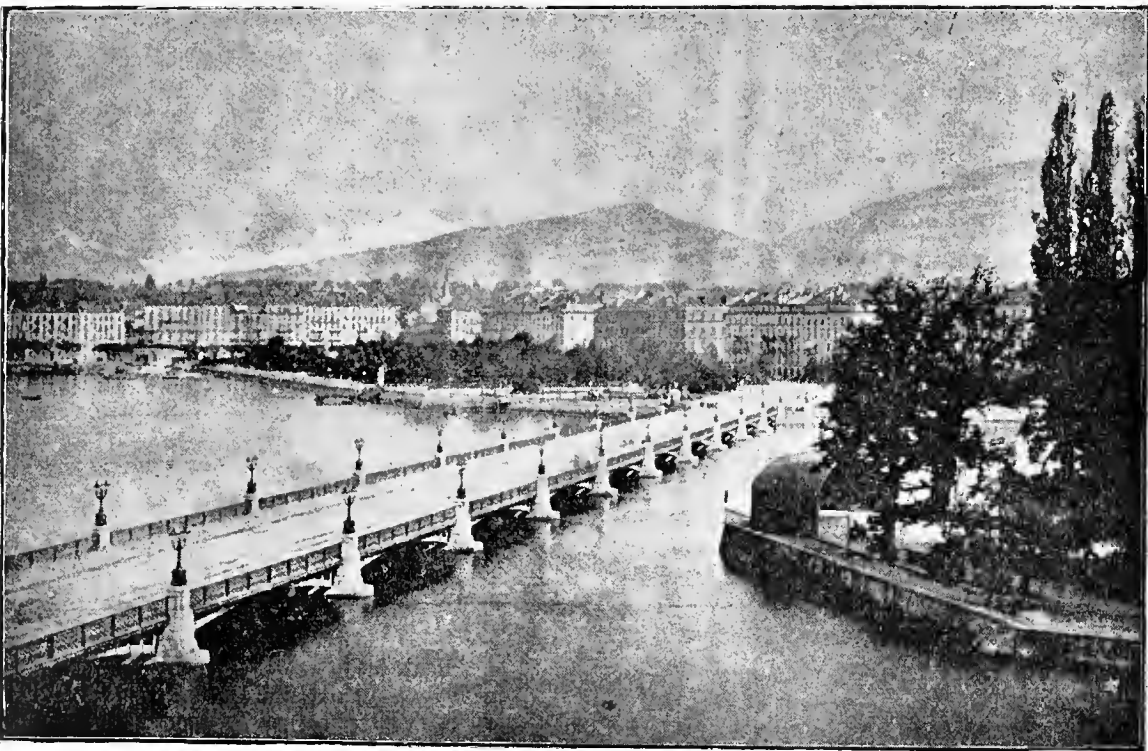
SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1895.

No. 23.

GENEVA.

No country in the world is so renowned for its natural beauty as the little republic of Switzerland, situated

villages. It is a favorite haunt of the health-seeker, the idler, the traveler, the poet and the painter, for it is a constant delight to all the senses. The air is



in the heart of Europe, walled in by the grandest and loveliest of mountains with its myriads of lakes and rivers, and its thriving cities and picturesque

pure and invigorating, the water cold and clear as crystal, and every way one turns a picture of loveliness is before him fit for the pen of the greatest

poet or the brush of the master painter.

Nestled under the shadow of the highest and grandest mountains of the Alps with the great Mont Blanc in the midst towering above them all, lies Geneva, the most beautiful, the largest and wealthiest city of Switzerland. To the north of the city is Lake Geneva, famous for its blue waters and its beautiful banks dotted with lovely villas and gardens; all along grow the sweet and wild chestnut, the walnut, the magnolia, the cedar of Lebanon and the vine. Just where the blue waters of the Rhone flow from the lake, the city of Geneva is built, and on either side of this swift and turbulent river tower the massive buildings, presenting quite a grand appearance to one approaching from the lake. In the interior of the old town, however, the streets are narrow, steep and crooked. The two halves of the city divided by the Rhone are connected by eight bridges some of them very beautiful structures. Handsome quays with tempting shops are near these bridges, and one of them affords a most delightful view of the Mont Blanc group.

The city of Geneva boasts of many fine buildings and monuments, but its gardens and promenades, next to its natural scenery, are the chief attractions. The theatres, the galleries, museums and like points of interest may be visited in one day but one summer would scarcely be long enough for one who delights in the beautiful, for the ever-changing lights on the mountains constantly produce new pictures like the passing of a lovely panorama.

In history, too, Geneva occupies an interesting position. It has been the birth place and dwelling place of many notable people most prominent among them Calvin and Rousseau, one a re-

ligious the other a social reformer. Necker, the minister of Louis XVI, and his more noted daughter, Madame De Stael, were also born here.

Geneva is both old and new. There still remain marks of Cæsar's time, when the country fell under Roman rule; and later, of the French, with their graceful modern ideas. And though now one of the Swiss confederation the city is more French in appearance, for both the language and manners of the people are French.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.--SERIES II., NO. 2.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, DEC. 1st, 1895.

General Superintendent's Visits.—Friday, November 1st, it was my privilege to visit Huntington Seminary, which had resumed operations under its new principal, Elder F. M. Young, after one year's suspension. The General Board commends that Seminary Board for its devotion to the cause of true education. The example thus set by the brethren at Huntington will be followed soon, it is hoped, by the rest of our church schools that have been forced to succumb temporarily to the pressure of the hard times. The new principal of that Seminary has made a creditable start and feels much encouraged by the interest manifested by the authorities and people of that locality in his efforts.

The Stake Board of Education of Emery Stake of Zion met at Castle Dale, November 3rd, President Larsen presiding. The General Superintendent learned with much satisfaction of the endeavors of the authorities of the Stake to erect a suitable building for a Stake Academy. A place on the public square has been secured, some building mater-

lal is on the ground, and labors are expected to commence with the opening of spring, so that, if all is well, the Stake Academy may be ready for work at the beginning of the next academic year.

By special invitation from Prof. Kerr, President of the Brigham Young College, I addressed the students of that institution and its patrons and friends at the Thatcher Opera House, Logan on Friday, November 8th, at 8 p. m., on the subject "School and Fireside." This was the first of a series of lectures to be given during this academic year. It is expected that prominent educators from home and abroad will lecture on educational, scientific and literary subjects under the auspices of the College on these occasions.

The following day I had the privilege of attending a Faculty meeting, Prof. Kerr presiding, of the B. Y. College, at which the theological course of instruction was the main subject under consideration. Several important points in regard to it were definitely and very satisfactorily decided.

By kind invitation of Prof. Paul, President of the Agricultural College, it was my privilege to address the students of that institution at their devotional exercises, Saturday, November 9th, at 8 p. m., and to admire afterwards the judicious arrangements and appointments of that fine institution.

Monday, November 11th, I attended the exercises of the Weber Stake Academy, Ogden, Elder L. F. Moench, Principal, and met also the same day with the Stake Board of Education, Elder L. W. Shurtliff presiding. Great credit is due to Principal Moench for the perseverance and devotion with which he has conducted that Academy in the face of the most discouraging

financial difficulties, and to President Shurtliff and his associates in the Stake Board who have assumed personally great financial responsibilities in order to prevent that much needed educational institution being permanently closed.

Prof. Benjamin Cluff, Jr., President of the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, opened a series of Sunday evening meetings, Sunday, November 17, at 8 p. m. Elder George Goddard and myself addressed a large audience of students and visitors on the occasion. The spirit then enjoyed makes us hope for a blessed continuance of these meetings.

Founders' Day at the Brigham Young Academy, Provo.—On October 16th, 1875, President Brigham Young signed a deed of conveyance of certain properties at Provo City to a Board of Trustees for the purpose of establishing an Academy, bearing his name, and to be conducted according to the spirit and principles of the latter-day work. That day has been considered ever since as the birthday of the institution. For several years it has been celebrated with appropriate ceremonies as Founders' Day. The plural form has been adopted for that designation, as there are three persons regarded as "Founders" of the Brigham Young Academy, viz.: Brigham Young, Abraham O. Smoot, and the undersigned. At 9 a. m. on the 16th of October last, a procession of over 600 students, each department designated by significant banners, and preceded by a brass band, proceeded from the Academy Building to the various places where the Academy had formerly sojourned, giving to each three hearty cheers. When the procession passed the residence of the late President A. O. Smoot, his memory was revered in silence and with uncovered heads.

The Academy hall was tastefully dec-

orated with flowers, pictures, and various emblems. On the stand were Apostle Brigham Young, the new President of the Board, Prof. B. Cluff, President of the Faculty, President E. Partidge, of the Utah Stake of Zion, members of the Board and Faculty, and the undersigned. Short, but very appropriate, remarks were made, and the exercises concluded with a banquet given by the Faculty and the students to the visitors and invited guests.

In the evening an informal but largely attended reception was held by the Faculty to the students and their friends.

Anniversary of the Latter-day Saints' College, Salt Lake City, Social Hall, Wednesday, November 20th at 2 p. m. Previous appointments prevented me, to my deep regret, from responding to the kind invitation of Prof. Willard Done, President of the institution, but the report of the proceedings consoled me to some extent, inasmuch as it reflected great credit upon Prof. Done for his judicious management of the affair, and upon Elders David McKenzie and Wm. B. Dougall, as orators of the day.

These anniversaries are productive of incalculable benefit to boards, faculties, students, and the general public. It is to be hoped that not only those church schools that have inaugurated this custom will continue to observe it, but that all other church schools will adopt it also.

Correspondence.—A kind invitation was received from Judge George Cluff, late president of the St. Joseph Stake Academy, Thatcher, Arizona, to attend a reception to be tendered to Governor Hughes, of Arizona, during his visit to the Teachers' Convention at that place. Unfortunately, previous engagements prevented me from availing myself of the

privilege of making, to the governor, a short report of the educational efforts of our people in that region of the country. I hope, however, that some more competent representative of our educational system succeeded in doing it.

By order of the General Board of Education,

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

GIVE THEM YOURSELF.

A WISE mother, who had the joy of seeing her sons and an only daughter grow up to usefulness and high esteem in the community, said of their early years: "When my children were small, I felt that the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, and to be their loving companion and friend. I had to neglect my home many times. I had no time to indulge myself in many things I would have liked to do. I had no time to adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I always kept them neat and comfortable. I have my reward now."

Her sons were noble, faithful ministers of Christ, and her daughter a model Christian woman. Hers was "the joy of the elect lady, whose children were found walking in the truth," and there is no earthly joy to surpass this in the heart of the faithful parent. Her later years were quiet and peaceful. Plenty of time now to keep her house in perfect order. She had a coronet of beautiful memories to keep her heart sunny and glad, for of all the bright things of life none can surpass the cheer which comes in the way of bright, happy thoughts. They can gild the darkest, stormiest day; they can fill with pleasure the loneliest lot. One cannot be

lonely who has a memory filled with them.

Toil on, mother, cheerfully and hopefully. Give your children that best gift, a good mother's company. Hire some one to do the heavy work which a household demands, even though you may be poor. Economize somewhere else if needful. It can be done even on a small income. But do not fritter away the time thus saved in useless sewing to elaborate garments which will only foster the evil seeds of vanity and folly. Sew less, work less, and give more time to the intelligent, loving culture of little hearts and minds and souls. Take time to read the good story, to tell the pleasing incident, and sing the pretty evening hymn.

You will find time in later years for the many enjoyments and tastes you now must forego, and those years are speeding swiftly on.

A BLIND PREACHER'S POEM.

LYMAN ABBOTT says: "Three or four years ago I fell upon a little book entitled 'The Spiritual Development of St. Paul,' by Dr. Matheson, of Edinburgh. It appealed to me so strongly that last summer, when I went to Scotland, I wrote to him, and asked if I might call upon him, and he replied with a very cordial letter inviting me; and then I found that he was blind, living with a sister, whose sisterly devotion was beautiful to see; and his own luminousness of face, and cheerfulness of character, and merriment in that darkness were beautiful to see. Another Scotch minister gave me a volume of Dr. Matheson's poems, and this Dr. Matheson, the blind preacher and poet of Edinburgh gives us the following:

Three doors there are in the temple
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way

There are some that pray by asking;
They lie on the Master's breast,
And, shunning the strife of the lower life,
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;
They doubt where their reason fails,
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some that pray by knocking;
They put their strength to the wheel,
For they have not time for thoughts sublime—
They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer—
Each in his kindred way;
Adapt Thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

Give to the yearning spirits,
That only thy rest desire,
The power to bask in the peace they ask,
And feel the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to the soul that seeketh,
'Mid cloud and doubt and storm,
The glad surprise of the straining eyes
To see on the waves Thy form.

Give to the heart that knocketh,
At the doors of earthly care
The strength to tread in the pathway spread
By the flowers Thou hast planted there.

Then in the common temple
There shall worship hand in hand
The lives that man's heart would hold apart
As unfit to dwell in one land.

For the middle wall shall be broken,
And the light expand its ray
When the burden of brain and the soother of
pain
Shall be ranked with the men that pray.

If all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock in order to be equally distributed among the species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they have already to that which would fall to them by such a division.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DEC. 1, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

IT is not easy to estimate the good that newspapers have done to the world, nor easy to calculate the claim to gratitude that journalists have upon civilization. Without the former we would be almost strangers to the vast advancement that the century has made: without the writers it is difficult to conceive of much of the pleasure and intelligence that are now so closely within the reach of everybody.

Yet the newspaper man, or the magazine or common book writer generally, is addicted to some practices which are not altogether commendable. His aim too often is merely to furnish something startling, sensational—something that will sell. If the exact and uncolored truth will answer this requirement, so much the better: he would probably prefer truth if with it he could make his wares equally salable. But if the truth is too commonplace, his faculty of imagination and embellishment is resorted to with small scruple, and whatever the naked facts may lack in supplying him with the material for a surprise, his flights of fancy readily furnish. Of course this is not true of all or nearly all writers; but it is true of enough of them to give foundation for the remark that "it will not do to believe all you read in the papers." And it seems to be especially true of those who deal with subjects of which

the common mass know but little, and with descriptions of customs, countries and events where distance and difficulties prevent any chance of gaining information from other sources.

The proof of this latter remark is given in a convincing manner just now in the stories published in our newspapers almost every day concerning any of the great movements taking place in distant lands.

Take the Cuban revolution, for instance: an attentive reader of the telegrams for two weeks in succession will have found enough contradictions and absurdities to have made his poor head dizzy. He will have learned first that the Spanish forces were victorious and had nearly exterminated the insurgent hosts. Within two or three days in the same columns of the same newspapers he will read that the boot was on the other leg entirely: instead of the insurgents being defeated they had a glorious victory and the regular troops were nearly all left dead upon the field. If all the stories told concerning that insurrection are to be believed there have been several millions more men killed than ever could have been on the island at a time, while some of the rival leaders have been slain and resurrected with such swift regularity as to show that they were gifted with many times the proverbial nine lives of a cat.

Then take the dispatches as to Turkish massacres of Christians in Asia with the various incidental tales of Moslem atrocity and intrigue. What few sources there are of direct communication between the Turkish provinces and the western civilized world seem to be controlled by newspaper correspondents—and they keep them busy. Rarely is there a word save of condemnation for the Turk and shrieks for vengeance upon him. He

is described by turns as an unspeakable monster and a puny weakling, a blood-thirsty master and a cringing slave. His victims are invariably described as harmless, excellent people—having nothing but good attributes, while his are all bad. All this might be believed if there were more moderation in the romances daily furnished by the correspondents as to butcheries and other horrible crimes committed. But it happens that the correspondents do not enjoy each other's confidence enough to make their respective stories hold together. That which one of them tells in all its harrowing details today, another one denies as wholly false tomorrow; instead of Armenians slain by Turks, as one tells us, the Turks were overcome and slaughtered in an uprising of Armenians, as another tells us. And so it goes, one day's stories being frequently contradicted and generally amended in the next day's, until at last bewildered readers conclude that as a matter of fact there must be a very bad state of affairs in Turkey—just how bad, or from what cause, or when or how to be cured, or by whose fault, they cannot tell—and they let it go at that.

Now it is true that there is a fearful revolution raging in Cuba, attended with much loss of property and life. It is true that the Turks and their Christian subjects get along badly together, with many outbreaks in which barbarous cruelties and killings occur. It is true that many other distressing stories of events in foreign lands really come to pass, something after the manner in which they are described in our papers. But it is also true that there is a great deal of imagination and embellishment in the stories published. The more dreadful they are the better they will read—so argue many writers; and the

scenes they describe are so far away anyhow that no one will find out the falsehood until long after the present effect has been produced, fulfilled its purpose and passed away.

The people of Utah, especially the parents of the readers of the JUVENILE, and those readers themselves, ought to be a little slow about believing everything they may see in print concerning either men or nations against whom popular excitement is directing a crusade. It will be remembered that in times gone by a great many ugly stories were told about men and affairs here, and readily swallowed by hungry fellow-mortals at a distance. We know, and the world now knows, how utterly false and vicious many of these published tales were. We know how bitterly we objected to being judged unheard, and to being villified by prejudiced and vindictive enemies—how strange it seemed to us that falsehoods so outrageous could be believed by honest people without investigating for themselves! Who knows but what the Spaniards and insurgents in Cuba, and the Mohammedans and Christians in Turkey may have similar ground of offense! and who is sure that they have not real cause for it?

To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly or lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery; verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it costs us.

ADAM'S ALTAR.

IN my memory, I linger upon that place and name as I used to linger upon that spot of earth in my idle hours.

It may sound as though I had little or nothing to do, when I talk of my idle hours, and so I had; but neither I nor my parents were to blame for that. They existed from the nature of things. My hands were always ready and willing when there was something to be done.

After the Saints, who lived on their farms, scattered through Daviess County, were driven into 'Diahman, there was more guarding nights and watching movements of the mob than anything else. Occasionally a few men would go stealthily to the cornfield of some one of them and gather corn, kill a hog or a beef, as they could find of their own and bring to town and put it into the general commissary's office for feeding the families of the people; and that was the way we lived for weeks or months.

There was no manufacturing going on to give employment—no building, no farming, only hunting for food and the necessary toil of taking care of what we had, and that was very little.

My father was general commissary for the town, as well as the men on drill, and I could occasionally go on errands.

Most of the men were on the scout, on guard, or gathering means of subsistence all the time. I frequently grew lonesome for lack of company or something to do, and at such times I either went into the woods hunting wild turkeys or went to the hill and sat upon Adam's altar.

I was of a prayerful turn of mind, and that was the most delightful place on earth to me to sit, pray and meditate upon the wonderful events that had

transpired right there and around about.

There, where our first parents lived. On that very pile of rocks, only a small portion of which I could see, Adam offered sacrifice of lambs, bullocks and the first fruits of the ground.

Perhaps on that same altar Cain and Abel offered their offerings which caused such bitterness against Abel, because the Lord accepted his and rejected Cain's offering.

I wondered why Adam built the altar on a sidehill, and I never could settle upon a reason satisfactory to my mind until within the last week.

After writing the first part of this subject and had sent it to press I awoke in the night, and the first thing that came into my mind was that altar on the hillside; and it seemed that I could see in my mind, or imagined I could see Adam slaughtering animals on the ground just above the altar, and the grade of earth was just even with the upper wall of the altar, so that the blood ran down into the fire that was upon the altar.

It was a very easy matter to place the animal on the altar to burn, whereas, had the altar been built up like a blacksmith's forge it would be very inconvenient.

When Governor Boggs' mob-militia came there to receive the surrender of the people of 'Diahman, as we always called the place for short, we were mustered into line with all the weapons of war we possessed, at least that was the order from our leaders, whether it was perfectly complied with or not; and in that condition we were marched away down into the prairie about one-half or three fourths of a mile, on the bottom land of Grand River at a point that was about equally distant from the altar and the tower of Adam, but away back from the hill, so that we could be seen or

nearly so from either place. There we were formed into a hollow square, and instructed that at the word of command we were every man of us to "inward face," and then at the command step one step forward, and lay down upon the ground, each and every weapon in any man's possession, then step back to line.

When we had "grounded arms"—laid them down on the ground, and were stepping back to line, some man reached down and attempted to regain his weapon. In an instant a great shout went up, and hundreds of guns went down upon that little square of prisoners. We were covered on two sides with cavalry four deep. Our own commander yelled at the man by name, which caused him to let drop the weapon, and thus averted probable general slaughter.

I wondered why we were taken to that particular place on the prairie, as far from the hill as possible on account of a heavy piece of timber, and then a heavy rank of men placed between us and the woods. There was plenty of room nearer the hill.

In my fruitful imagination I fancied that perhaps that very place where we laid down our arms, was where Adam blessed his children just before he died. That idea has grown with years, until it has become almost a settled fact in my mind.

I never tried to disbelieve it, because there is so much pleasure in believing.

I am a strong believer in predestination, upon the simplest philosophical basis. The Being that created this earth, and peopled it, has not deserted it, nor left any portion to the will of any other power than his own. There is only one other power, and that is Lucifer, whose business is to destroy. He

never created anything, and will destroy everything he can.

God is in, over and around everything. He has created even the birds, and has a plan upon which He works for a purpose. He does not let things go as they may. We read in the Doctrine and Covenants that "all the governments of the earth are ordained of Him." Then He has certainly been in politics, in wars, in all the elements and means by which every government is formed. After He has framed it, He does not leave it, but builds up one and tears down another to suit His purposes, plans or predestinations.

O. B. Huntington.

RELIGION IN CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are three religious sects in China; viz. Yu, Confucianism; Fo, Buddhism; and Tavnism, the followers of Lavn-tsze. Of these the first is the state religion, the others being permitted only so long as they do not interfere or come in contact with that.

Confucianism is based upon the teachings of Confucius. His doctrine and laws are of a temporal rather than a spiritual nature; but the greater part of them are so pure and elevating that no one can doubt their moral effect. Pope says of him:

"Superior and alone Confucius stood
Who taught that useful science—to be good."

This great man was born in the year 550 B. C., and his memory and teachings are still cherished by his own people, and honored by Christian nations as well. His progenitors were of the best families of China, and he was very proud of his descent. They were, however, in an impoverished condition, and Confucius had many hard-

ships to contend with in accomplishing his great work. As a child he was particularly fond of playing at sacrifices and other religious ceremonies, and later he became exceedingly anxious to obtain knowledge. According to the Chinese custom, he was married at the early age of nineteen. He is supposed to have had three children, two daughters and a son. We have no account whatever of the former, but the latter died in early manhood, leaving, in his turn, only one male descendant. Many Chinese historians claim that Confucius put away his legal wife, and lived an immoral life; but this is said by other authorities to be absolutely false. At the age of twenty he began his public career as teacher, and the remainder of his life was spent in traveling from place to place expounding his doctrine to the people, in his earnest, humble way. He attributes much of his success to his poverty. He says that that kept him humble and his mind free from vanity and pride, and constantly on the alert for useful knowledge. He had three thousand disciples, but as in similar instances, their appreciation of him began after his death. While he lived he endeavored to win favor with the rulers of the country, not from a mercenary motive, but because with their approval he would be able to do very much more good than without it. But they gave him no support, and he was compelled to work in his own quiet way. He might have gained great riches and power in the nation as a ruler, had he so desired, but he refused all personal profits, and everything that would not be a direct benefit to the community. Modesty was perhaps his chief characteristic, and his teachings partake of the same spirit. He was the originator of the maxim known as the

"Golden Rule." He taught, "Do nothing to anyone that you would not have done to you in return."

A few days prior to his death, which occurred in his seventy-third year, he was heard murmuring:

"The mountain is crumbling;
The strong beam is yielding,
The sage is withering like a plant."

His doctrine is now the orthodox



PAVILION NEAR THE MENCIOUS TEMPLE.

religion of the empire, and in every city of any importance temples are erected in his honor.

His posterity still live in his native state, and receive many privileges and honors on account of their illustrious ancestor.

Ranking next to Confucius as a sage is his follower, Mencius. He is second only to Confucius himself, and in some particulars is his superior. This great

man owes much of his success to his wise mother. Left a widow while her son was still a babe, she devoted her life to making a great and good man of him. It is related of her that she three times changed her dwelling place on account of associations which she did not think desirable for her son. At last, finding a suitable home, she sent him to school. He did not progress, however, as rapidly as she thought he should do. Learning from the instructors of his neglect, she rent the cloth she was wearing, partly from vexation, and partly to illustrate the lesson which she desired to teach him. The child was frightened, and asked the reason of her conduct, upon which she told him that that was what he was doing with his life, commencing something and then neglecting or destroying it; that nothing could be accomplished without attention and perseverance. The boy grasped her idea, and from that time devoted his talents to the best advantage. His mother is still regarded in China as a model parent.

Mencius was not as authoritative nor as dignified as his predecessor, but his writings have a vim and sparkle to them which are not found in those of the greater sage, and which make them interesting as well as impressive. He revised and added to the writings of Confucius, and he also left some original works, but the main portion of his teaching was given verbally.

Like Confucius, he sought to gain the patronage of the kings, to enable him to accomplish his philanthropic desires. In this he was bolder than his master, and, although a mere scholar, was admitted into the courts of the empire; but was baffled in his attempts to institute laws for the moral development of the country. He was not so

modest as Confucius, and accepted gifts and favors from the kings which the greater man would have refused. Mencius also favored learning, and taught that all should receive the advantage of education alike, and his words, "Those who labor with their minds, rule, and those who labor with their bodies are ruled," equal Pope's line, "and those who think, still govern those who toil." Both these wise men were fearless in their doctrines. Their laws were given alike to emperor and peasant. They reprov'd and ridiculed the rulers with as much freedom as though they had been common subjects.

Like Confucius, Mencius was appreciated to a greater degree after his death. There has quite recently been a beautiful temple erected to his name in Shantung.

The second religion of China is that of Fo or Buddhism. This creed originated in India, and was founded by Gautama or Buddha, as he was afterwards called.

Of this man, many wonderful tales are told, but they are mainly legendary and cannot be relied upon to any great extent. He was of royal birth, but became an ascetic, passing his life in fasting and deep meditation. It is said that when Gautama had become sufficiently righteous and far enough removed from the passions of the flesh, he was immediately transformed into the god Fo or Buddha.

Ming-ty, an emperor of China, obtaining the idea from the writings of Confucius that there was to be a great man born in India, sent to procure knowledge of him, and in this way Buddhism was first introduced into that country. Many of the teachings of this man are excellent, but they have been perverted and misused. He instructed men to

"amend their conduct, and practice virtue." His greatest doctrine is that of Universal Charity. This he ranks above everything else as being more essential than purity, justice, or faith. His five injunctions to the priests were: I. Do not kill living creatures. II. Do not steal. III. Do not marry. IV. Speak not falsely. V. Drink no wine.

There is a strong resemblance between the fashions and ceremonies of the Buddhist priests and those of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is believed that the Papists obtained many of their ideas from these pagans. The Buddhist priests belong to various casts; but by undergoing certain hardships and overcoming the desires of the flesh, they are enabled to rise from a lower to a higher degree.

The third religion is Taonism, founded by Laon keun or Laon-tsze. This man lived at the same time as Confucius. The doctrines set forth by him are supposed to be those of the earliest religion of China. His name Laon-tsze means literally "the old son," but he is called by many "the old boy," and "the old philosopher." This name was given him on account of the peculiar circumstances of his birth. The legend says that it was sixty or seventy years from the time of conception until his birth, and that when he came into the world his hair was white with age.

Most of his teachings are not elevating in their nature, the highest aim being to secure personal enjoyment. His followers have also a superstitious belief in ghosts, spirits and magic arts.

Laon-tsze left one small book, from which is quoted the following:

"It is the way of Tao not to act from any personal motive, to consider affairs without feeling the trouble of them, to taste without being aware of the flavor, to account the great as small, and the

small as great, to recompense injury with kindness;" also, "a government conducted by sages would free the hearts of the people from inordinate desires, fill their bellies, keep their ambitions feeble, and strengthen their bones. They would constantly keep the people without knowledge, and free from desires; and where there were those that had knowledge, they would have them so that they would not dare to put it in practice."

In the writings of this philosopher we find nothing of a superstitious nature, but his followers have made the religion (if such it can be called), nothing more than a jumble of such ideas.

Mahometanism has also a slight foothold in China, but there are not enough followers to cause it to be classed as a national religion.

Do not be afraid to distribute a good deal of praise as you go along through life. We should train ourselves to praise and commend rather than to offer advice, which is apt to be understood as faultfinding. We often hear people say that they give this advice as it does not cost anything, and like most things which require no outlay it is worth nothing. It costs something to commend wisely and wise commendation is worth something. Such commendation requires thought, requires judgment, requires truthfulness; but, unfortunately, few people are willing to take the trouble to exercise thought, judgment, and truthfulness.

Believe that behind all things which occur is controlling wisdom, and that this controlling wisdom is itself controlled by love, and you have cast anchor where it will hold in spite of waves and tempests.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES.

Old Nebo.

MR. BURT and his family had just left the old country and come to America to find them a home. Willie and Johnnie were the only children. Being emigrants, they felt strange and avoided everyone except the members of their own family. The American boys noticed this, and used to torment them and often sent them home crying.

The only pleasure they had therefore was to ride on a big white steed which their father had purchased. They called him Nebo.

One day they rode down to the river on old Nebo to water him. Their father had told them to hurry back, but they thought that they would easily go out into the field a short distance and he would never know it.

They had not gone very far when the horse began putting up his ears and neighing. Suddenly he turned around and started to run. Faster and faster he went in spite of all they could do. They were now very much frightened.

Suddenly an arrow shot by them. Looking back they saw Indians coming in pursuit of them. They hardly realized what it all meant for they had never seen Indians before.

Many a scream did the boys give to old Nebo to stop, but it seemed as though he knew the perilous condition they were in and still kept racing on.

The red skins had almost circled around them, and the arrows were flying from all directions. One struck Willie's shoulder and another buzzed by Johnnie's head. The boys now began to realize the awful danger they were in. What could they do? Should they be killed by these men whom they had never harmed? And away from father

and mother, far out in this wild unknown country? These were some of their thoughts. Just then an Indian coming from behind a clump of willows burst upon them in front, his bow drawn. Quick as lightning the faithful old steed wheeled about and began racing for home. Would he ever get by that band that had been in pursuit?

An hour passed and the dear old father became uneasy about the children's staying so long. So he and his neighbors went out in search of them. They first went down to the river, saw no trace of them. Searching among the willows, one of the men picked up an arrow. The father turned pale. What had become of his boys.

Presently something was seen in the distance coming towards them, followed by a great dust. As the object drew nearer, it proved to be old Nebo, with Willie and Johnnie safe upon his back.

When he reached the place where the anxious father was standing, the faithful animal dropped down and died.

Willie had forgotten till now that an arrow was sticking in his flesh. He recovered all right, but the scar in his shoulder is no deeper than the lesson which sank into his memory how, save for the mercy of God, he might have lost his life because of disobedience.

Marie Jensen.

An Old Suit of Clothes.

Among my earliest recollections is a small farm on which were a log cabin and a slab barn. As near as I am able to tell, I was five or six years old when my father lived on and worked this farm. At this time the Indians had not entirely given up to white man, what they supposed to be their right. Occasionally they would appear at a house

when the menfolks were absent and scare, and sometimes even abuse the women and children.

My father, having a large tract of unbroken ground, contracted with an Indian by the name of Tabby, to grub and burn the brush on it, for which he was to receive two bronchos.

Tabby was one of these curiosities among the Indians, a man who will work, so at a specified time he appeared on the scene with his grubbing-hoe.

The second day he brought his little son with him, and Tabby Jr. and I soon became fast friends. The only thing I did not like about him for a playmate, was his semi-clothed condition, to which I could not bring myself to become accustomed.

This proved such a thorn in my flesh that my indulgent parents decided to present Tabby Jr. with a half-worn-out suit of mine. I was not a little pleased at the change of appearance in the young Indian, and we hurried to where his father was at work in order that he too might admire his son.

The old Indian was very much pleased and during the entire summer he would occasionally appear with a well tanned buckskin or a new lariat as a present to my father. When fall came his visits ceased and we saw or heard nothing more of him until the following spring.

One night in May we were aroused, just after retiring, by a loud pounding at the door. Upon enquiring who was there, we were surprised to hear the well-known voice of Tabby asking for admittance. My father arose and opened the door for him. The Indian seemed very much pleased to see my father. He quickly explained that a party of Indians, supposing my father to be away from home, were coming to steal our team, and that he had resolved to come

and protect our property, even against his own tribe.

When the Indians appeared, stealing softly toward the barn, they were surprised to hear a rifle crack close behind them and the voice of my father commanding them to leave immediately. They hurried away and we saw no more of them.

Tabby remained with us all night and then rejoined his tribe, after solemnly requesting us not to tell anyone that it was he who had warned us of the intention of the Indians.

L. E. Jordan.

FATHER KNOWS BEST.

Don't say it, my boy! That toss of the head,
And curl of the bright lip, so full and so red,
Betoken a thought that were better unsaid.
For a time on those lips let your finger be pressed,
While you pause, and consider. Your father knows
best!

He has walked the same path you are treading today,
And knows every point, every step of the way;
Give heed to his warning, follow what may,
In the future though often perplexed and distressed,
You'll concede it was true: that your father knew best.

If the path of obedience seems hard and long,
It is solid and safe, and will not lead you wrong;
All others are risky, where multitudes throng,
Who sacrifice, often, peace, honor and rest,
For mere passing pleasures; but, father knows best.

The path father walks now, is narrow and straight,
You should follow him closely, find no cause to wait;
With him earn the prize, the eternal estate;
In nothing beside are you safe to invest;
All earthly things perish; but father knows best.

Friends call to you, "Come! All is cheery and bright,"
But the way seems uncertain, you can't see it quite.
Take not the first step till you know you are right!
Ask counsel, young man; let this be the test,
"Does father approve? For my father knows best."

Sometime, by death's signet, his lips may be sealed;
With heart deeply chastened, yet softened and healed,
As through the dark shadows your way is revealed;
You can say, still submissive, still grateful and blest,
"My father is gone! But our FATHER KNOWS BEST!"

Lula.

LOST,

It was yet so early when Jack Carrol, having finished his breakfast, was strapping his heavy cartridge-belt to his waist that the plains, extending in motionless undulations to the far skyline, were becoming only faintly visible, and the Organ Mountains, at which Mrs. Carrol always glanced approvingly on first awakening, could not be seen at all.

"I'll be back before midnight, Mollie," said Jack. "Take care of yourself and the baby."

"I hate to have you go," replied Mrs. Carrol, following her husband to the door. "I feel so uneasy since Abe told about seeing those Indians yesterday."

"That was at the crossing twenty miles away, and, for all he could tell, they might have been a lot of Pueblos going out to one of their ranches to husk corn."

"You told Abe that, you know, Jack, and he said that they have no ranches up this way."

"Abe doesn't know anything," rejoined Mr. Carrol, indifferently, as he stopped to kiss his wife and babe before leaving.

"I never supposed that he did, but he surely ought to know more about this country and the Indians than we do. He has been here ten years to our one, and when he says that we are in danger, I think we ought to heed him. He is no coward if he is my brother."

"And that's more than one can say of you, isn't it, Mollie?" answered Jack teasingly. "Seriously, my dear, there is no danger. How could I leave you for a minute if there was? The Apaches are too hard pressed by the soldiers to venture within fifty miles of a fort."

"But Abe saw—"

"Nonsense! Abe is such an old granny

he'd imagine Indians were after him if he heard a coyote barking."

"Mamma," piped a small voice from a bed in the room, "does a tyote wear fedders?"

Both parents laughed as the little four-year-old, his blue eyes opened wide in anxious enquiry, sat up in bed to ask the question.

"I thought you were sound asleep yet," said his mother. "Kiss him good-by, Jack. It's time you were off."

But the little fellow turned his head aside as his father stooped to kiss him.

"Does a tyote wear fedders?" he repeated, anxiously.

"Oh, bother! You don't know what you are talking about. Come, I must go."

Charley gave the kiss, but returned to the subject.

"Me saw a tyote when me was in my house yesterday," he insisted, "and he had drate big fedders in his head."

But Mr. Carrol was already outside. Charley slipped out of bed and followed him to the door.

"The tyote what I saw in my house bark dess so!" he cried eagerly. "He say, 'Ky-yi-ee! ky-yi-e-e-ee!'"

"You little mimic," laughed Jack, touching spurs to his horse.

Charley looked after him with quivering lips. He was a lovely little figure as he stood in the doorway, with the fresh morning breeze just stirring the soft rings of yellow hair which clustered about his forehead.

"I did see a drate big awful thing, and papa won't let me tell him," he murmured, brokenly.

Mrs. Carrol, who was never too busy or pre-occupied to comfort or caress her only child, stopped clearing away the breakfast dishes and took him up in her arms.

"Tell me about it, darling. Papa has to ride clear to Rincon and back today, and he couldn't wait; but you may tell me, only hurry, for I have to go out beyond the big ridge to bring in the cows."

Charley sighed. His interest in the subject was already waning; but with his mother's attentive eyes on his face, he began again:

"I was in my house yesterday, and Fitz was wif me, and he drowled, and I looked all round to see what made him drowl, and way down in the tanyan I saw somefing treeping—treeping dess as tareful—somefing wif fedders on him head, and it stopped and barked, dess so, Ky-yi-ee! Ky-yi-e-ee!—lots of times, and Fitz, he drowled, and pulled my dress, and I tum home."

Mrs. Carroll was troubled. Suppose there should be wild beasts other than the harmless coyotes about? She looked at the child gravely.

"Charley, dear, you must not go to your play-house any more until papa finds out what it was that you saw."

The artless little story would have blanched the cheek of many a frontiersman familiar with Indian tactics; but how was Mrs. Carrol, but a few months since from peaceful Ohio, to know that the thing which her child had seen was an Apache scout, in feathers and war-paint, creeping up the canyon, like a bloodthirsty tiger, to reconnoitre, and that the barking of a coyote was the preconcerted signal which warned the ambushed enemy to wait?

The Indians which her brother had seen the day before were a war party; bent on rapine and murder. They had discovered his trail and followed it to within sight of the cabin, and only the persistent barking of the dog, which was allowed, as Charley's special play-

mate to sleep in the house, had prevented an attack that night.

Fritz, disregarding all commands to be silent, had kept his mistress in a state of irritable wakefulness, until she declared that he should spend the remainder of the night out of doors.

"Oh, don't turn him out, Mollie!" remarked her husband, sleepily. "Perhaps he scents wolves."

Abe, who was employed by an English cattle company rode away after supper—as Jack and his wife supposed—back to the cattle ranch, and, in the gathering dusk, the watching Apaches had failed to see him. If they had known that there was but one man in the cabin, their attack would probably have not been delayed so long.

"Well, I must go, baby," continued Mrs. Carrol, putting the child from her arms. "Come, cuddle down into bed now."

"Me don't fink me can stay in bed long," said Charley, candidly.

But his mother only smiled as she hurried out, calling:

"Come, Fritz!"

Fritz, a gaunt, long-limbed, western barn mongrel, with keen eyes and ears, which saw and heard more than those of his human friends, crawled slowly out from under the bed and followed his mistress with a dejected air, and, after going a few steps, stopped and looked back irresolutely, as though inclined to return. Mrs. Carrol gazed at him in reproachful wonder.

"Fritz, I am ashamed of you!" she said severely.

Fritz replied by stretching his shaggy length along the ground and giving vent to a subdued howl of protest.

His actions filled her with indefinable alarm. What could be the matter?

"I think you're going crazy, Fritz,"

she said, again bidding him follow.

She hastened over the ridge, out of sight of the house.

Charley was soon out of bed again, pattering about the room in his bare feet; but the house was so still that he felt lonely, and went and stood quietly by the window, watching for his mother's return.

The sun had risen, and now he could see something moving along the top of the ridge—mamma and Fritz, with the cows.

He wished that he could run out to meet them, but he had been told never to go among the cattle.

Watching a little longer, he saw that the figures were not the familiar ones for which he waited, but those of men—wild, savage-looking men on horseback. Suddenly he heard shots, and then a new, strange feeling took possession of him—the overmastering impulse of terror. He did not cry out or stir, but stood, his baby face slowly whitening, while the wild-looking men gathered swiftly toward the house. Then his blue eyes roved piteously around the room. "Me wants to hide," he gasped. "Me wants to hide me!"

All at once he thought of his playhouse, and ran quickly out of the back door, down the slope toward the rocky depression—hardly more than a wide rough ditch—which marked the beginning of a long, dark canyon, one of the lateral spurs of the valley of the Rio Grande.

The sunny little cavity facing southward, and for some distance overlooking the canyon as it fell away deeper and deeper, was but a few steps from the back door of the cabin, and Charley had long since claimed it as his own—"My 'ittle house," he said proudly.

Here he kept his choicest treasures,

chiefest among them being a tin can full of the lovely, many-hued agates of New Mexico, which he had in his short walks laboriously collected.

His mother felt no uneasiness when he and Fritz were playing together in this cosy recess, for he had never shown any inclination to climb down the rocky descent into the deepening gorge below, but now the terrified child only stopped to seize his cherished can of agates, and then began to scramble downward.

The sharp edges of the rocks hurt his bare feet; then, too, he spilled his precious agates, and they went rolling out of sight down among the rocks.

Tears sprang into his eyes, but "I dess mamma will pick 'em up for me," he murmured, bravely.

Soon he came to a descent so steep that he halted and looked back. He had not come far. The rocky niche, his little house, was yet in sight above him.

He set down the empty can. In the pain of his bruised feet, fear began to subside.

"Me'll stay wite here till mamma tomes. Her'll feel awful sorry for me," he whimpered softly.

Just then there came to his ears, from the direction of the cabin, a chorus of demoniac yells—the war-whoop of the Apaches—mingled with the sound of horses feet and the frenzied shrieks of a woman.

For an instant Charley stood completely paralyzed; then he recalled Uncle Abe's half-heard words of the day before, and knew that these wild men were Indians. He lay down and rolled over and over down the rocks until he brought up on a patch of grass at the foot of the ledge.

The dark walls of the canyon seemed to spin round and round as he staggered

to his feet, but the little fellow stumbled blindly on, almost crazed with fright.

His night-dress caught sometimes in the gnarled branches of the low-growing jack-oaks, or was pinned fiercely by the slender daggers of the wait-a-bit thorn. He tore it loose and ran the faster, making no sound.

He had forgotten that he meant to hide. He had forgotten everything—home, mother, all save the Indians, whose yells pursued him like some great, invisible terror hunting him down.

As Mrs. Carrol crossed the ridge, she saw that the cattle were farther away than usual. Disliking to leave Charley long alone, she glanced back toward the house. The look back was followed by a scream of terror.

Over the eastern end of the ridge a long file of Indians were coming, riding between her and the house.

She started homeward on a run. A bullet came whistling past her ear, followed by another, and yet another which buried itself in her arm, but her speed did not slacken.

The Indians—who had been skulking about, watching and waiting until the settler's house should be defenseless—stopped firing, seeing that she was running toward them, and knowing from much past experience how pleasant it was to torture a captive.

But she did not stop as they rode up to her; seeing which, one of them, overtaking her with one bound of his fleet pony, sprang to the ground and seized her roughly by the shoulder.

"What for you make run away?" he asked, in broken English.

Mrs. Carrol made no answer as she struggled frantically to escape.

"Stop!" commanded her captor, angrily. "What you goin' do?"

"My boy! oh, my boy!" she wailed.

"White squaw make cry for papoose," he explained to the others with a grin. "We help find papoose," he added to the poor woman. "Go on!"

He struck her sharply as he spoke.

The next instant he was hurled to the ground. Fritz had kept close behind his mistress, but, beyond a warning growl, had made no movement until the savage struck her; then, with inconceivable suddenness and fury, he sprang straight at the Apache's throat.

Dog and Indian went down together, and rolled struggling on the ground. The savages were afraid to fire, but one of them ran up and seized hold of Fritz's collar, trying to drag him off.

His teeth were fastened in the throat of his foe, and he clung tenaciously until a blow from a rifle-butt stunned him and another rifle sent a bullet through his faithful heart; but he had left his mark on the Apache to such good purpose that he was carried back to camp, where he died in a few hours.

In spite of this accident it was a gala time for the savages; their cruelty could have devised nothing to equal Mrs. Carrol's agony as she ran into the cabin and found it empty. They enjoyed the spectacle of her grief as she ran in and out, calling wildly for the child. One of them walked up to the bed and fired two shots into it.

"Papoose no there," he said.

Suddenly Mrs. Carrol hushed her cries. What if the little one had been wise enough to hide? In the canyon, perhaps; when his father returned he would find him.

She was silent after this, while the Indians ransacked the house. Then they tried to bind her, but she fought so fiercely that one of them gave her a blow on the head, which laid her limp and lifeless on the floor.

They then tossed burning embers from the fireplace on to the bed, into the corners of the room, wherever it promised to burn most readily. But they had delayed too long; while they were still busy setting fire to the sheds and corrals there came to their ears the sharp, insistent barking of coyotes.

They were on the backs of their ponies in an instant, but a good many of the ponies galloped away riderless before the furious charge of the cavalry company which came sweeping down on them like the wind.

Abe had been so disturbed by his glimpse of the Indians that, instead of going to the cattle ranch, he had ridden forty miles to the post commander, who considered it of such importance that he at once detailed a detachment of cavalry, and, guided by Abe on a fresh horse, sent them out in hot pursuit.

They reached the cabin just in time to save it and Mrs. Carrol from the flames, which were beginning to creep along the floor near her as her brother dashed into the room.

Mrs. Carrol's arm was wounded and her head badly bruised, but she soon revived, and, binding up her head with feverish haste, insisted upon accompanying the soldiers, who willingly undertook the search for the missing child.

At the foot of the first steep descent, they found the empty can and a few agates scattered about. Further down was a shred of white cloth hanging to a thorn bush; close and repeated search showed nothing more until they came to a place where a spring, gushing out from beneath an overhanging cliff, had made a tiny stretch of moist sand.

It seemed too far for the child to have come, but here they came upon the print of little naked feet. Beyond this they found no further trace; but an army

might have marched down that rough defile and the stern rocks would have held no sign to show that they had passed.

When Jack Carrol reached home, late that night, he found his wife and brother-in-law, with the half-dozen soldiers whom the captain had humanely left for that service, searching the canyon by the light of pitchpine torches.

"It's of no use to look," said Abe, when he had told the story, in a husky voice; "but Mollie, she won't come out. She says she's going to stay till she finds the baby, and she's tramped up and down those rocks all day and half the night, with her head badly hurt and her arm plowed half-way through with a bullet."

When Jack swung himself down into the canyon he saw a half dozen lights flashing to and fro like meteors in the darkness, but did not see his wife. She had slipped away from the others, thinking, "If Charley is frightened, he may be hiding in among the rocks, afraid to speak when he hears strange voices calling, or if he sees me with my head bandaged."

She tore off the bandage, and with her uninjured hand wiped away the little trickle of blood which flowed.

Alone, she made her way down beyond the spring, where the little footprints were now hidden by the darkness. The cliffs here were high and rugged, with great, gaping seams and fissures, into which a grown person might easily have crept or fallen.

She looked back. The lights of the other searchers were far behind.

"Charley, oh, Charley! mamma's own boy!" she called, softly. "Mamma's here all alone, dearest! Can you hear me?"

"Mamma," said a faint voice, close at hand—"mamma, me's afraid."

Stooping down, she peered under the rock from beneath which the voice came. Huddled close in the farthest corner, crouched a little white figure, whose big blue eyes shone in the darkness like those of some terror-stricken wild animal.

Mrs. Carrol crept under the rock close beside him before he would stir. Once in her arms, the terrified stare vanished.

"Me dess you be sorry when you see my feet," he sobbed.

Jack Carrol looked around upon the little party assembled in the smoke-begrimed cabin with a shining face.

"I wouldn't exchange places with a king tonight," he said, laying his hand on his wife's head, as she sat, white and exhausted, with the boy in her arms. "But today's business has taught me a lesson which I shall not soon forget. Abe, you always said that I ought not to have brought Mollie and the baby out here while the Indians were so bad. We'll carry them to the fort now, and when they are able to travel we'll look up a safer place for a home."

C. L. Kingsburg.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

"CHRISTIANITY'S MILLSTONE."

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Goldwin Smith has written an article recently in a popular magazine, under the title of "Christianity's Millstone." As it contains views which show the trend of thought among scientific men concerning the Bible, I think it worth while to notice it in discussing the Topics of the Times. He is a man that stands very high in the intellectual world, and his writings attract attention. The millstone which hangs upon the neck of Chris-

tianity, he thinks, is the Christian's belief in the historical character of the earlier books of the Bible. He looks upon them as fabulous and as containing myths; in fact, he views the prominent personages mentioned in the Bible as mythical, and that the accounts given concerning them are mere legends. He says:

"The history of every nation begins with myth. A primeval tribe keeps no record, and a nation in its maturity has no more recollection of what happened in its infancy than a man of what happened to him in his cradle. * * * When the age of reflection arrives and the nation begins to speculate on its origin, it gives itself a mythical founder—a Theseus, a Romulus, or an Abraham, and ascribes to him its ancestral institutions or customs."

He then criticises the details of Abraham's story, and says, "these are plainly unhistorical. He would relegate the whole story to the domain of tribal fancy."

While he admits that Abraham's figure "is exceptionally vivid, and his history exceptionally dramatic," "To regard Abraham as the real founder, not only of a nation, but of the church, and as the chosen medium of communication between God and man," he asserts, "sound criticism will no longer allow us." Respecting the history of the other patriarchs, he says, "the texture is apparently the same as that of the history of Abraham. They are mythical founders of a race." He mentions a number of details connected with the patriarchs, and dismisses them as unworthy of credence—mere legends. The story of Joseph, with its miraculous dreams and their interpretations, he views as entirely poetic and, of course, fanciful and not at all reliable.

In this spirit and style this writer

goes through the whole historical books of the Bible, and shows up what he calls the absurdity of the narratives, and how unworthy of worship is a God who sanctions the conduct of many of the historical personages and who justifies deeds which he, Goldwin Smith, described as awfully cruel. He has no faith in prophecy, nor in the prophets; and he ridicules the fact that when one of them was bidden to prophesy he called for a minstrel, under the influence of whose strains the hand of the Lord came upon him. Concerning the Psalms, he says:

"Beyond contest and almost beyond compare is the beauty, spiritual as well as lyrical, of some of the Psalms; but there are others which it is shocking to hear a Christian congregation reciting, still more shocking perhaps to hear it chanting in a church." He ridicules the method of reading the scriptures which is recommended by some preachers. He thinks "the first step towards a rational appreciation of the Old Testament is to break up the volume, separate the acts of Joshua or Jehu from the teachings of Jesus, and the different books of the Old Testament from each other." He declares that Judaism never reached the religious elevation of some chosen spirits among the heathen world. He says there is nothing in the Hebrew writings like passages from the writings of Cicero which he quotes. One of his objections to the Old Testament, is that the rewards and punishments mentioned there are temporal and material; its rewards are wealth and offspring, its punishment, beggary and childlessness.

In reading this Goldwin Smith article I was deeply impressed with the advantage which the Latter-day Saints possess over every other religious people of whom I have any knowledge, in having

other testimonies and witnesses, besides the Bible, of the great truths of sacred history and the gospel and it seemed to me I could plainly perceive how wisely God had arranged affairs so that His people might be preserved from the full flood of infidelity and unbelief, that He foresaw would sweep over Christendom in the last days. Here is one of many men, brought up as a Christian, instructed in the highest learning of our civilization, who deliberately goes to work to destroy the very foundation upon which the faith of the nations of Christendom rests. Let the authenticity of the Bible be weakened and destroyed, and what becomes of the Christianity which the so-called enlightened nations claim as the foundation of their superior civilization?

Happily for the Latter-day Saints, we are not left to question the truth of many things which this gentleman declares to be mythical. The Lord has given unto us by direct revelation, the Book of Mormon—a record of an ancient people the testimony of which we can rely upon, it having been translated by the power of God. The Bible, because of the channels through which it has come down to us, and the manner of its translation, may be questioned on many points; but not so with the Book of Mormon. In the estimation of Latter-day Saints and viewed from their standpoint, it is unassailable for the reason already stated—it was translated by the means which God appointed. From this record we learn that Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as well as Joseph, were not mythical personages, but were real men, and men, too, who were the chosen servants of God, unto whom He made precious promises, and with whom He made great covenants—covenants that are being and will be fulfilled. From this record we

also know that the Jews, who are descendants of the patriarchs, will be restored to their own land, and that the other promises which God made, and of which the Bible bears record, will all be fulfilled.

There is no room for a Latter-day Saint to question the existence of these patriarchs whom God has condescended to call Himself their God—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The truth of the Bible narrative is confirmed by the testimony of the Book of Mormon. But that is not all. We have been furnished, through the kindness of our Father, with the translation of a record of Abraham, which is now embodied in what is known as the Pearl of Great Price. This is another witness to substantiate the truth of the Bible narrative concerning the great patriarch. This also was translated by the power of God. So that we as a people now enjoy the privilege of knowing from three sources the truth of many things that this distinguished writer throws doubt upon and disbelieves. Belief in these historical personages may be a millstone around the neck of so-called Christianity; but it is not a millstone around the neck of truth. Whether Moses wrote the five books which are credited to him, makes but little difference to a Latter-day Saint, though it is a matter of continued dispute in Christendom. But the Book of Mormon clearly establishes the fact that there were five books written by Moses, and the Nephites brought them from Jerusalem to this continent. There can be no doubt then, in our minds that Moses did write the five books which are known by his name, and which contain the account of creation.

Professor Goldwin Smith closes his article by saying:

"These are troublous times. The trouble is everywhere: in politics, in the social system, in religion; but the storm centre seems to be in the region of religion. The fundamental beliefs on which our social system has hitherto rested are giving way. To replace them before the edifice falls, and at the same time to give us such knowledge as may be attainable of man's estate and destiny, thought must be entirely free."

There is much truth in this statement, and especially so in view of a quotation which Mr. Smith makes at the commencement of his article from some remarks made by Professor Bonney, Canon of Manchester (England), in which he frankly renounces belief in the historical character of the earlier books of the Bible. This gentleman says:

"I cannot deny that the increase of scientific knowledge has deprived parts of the earlier books of the Bible of the historical value which was generally attributed to them by our forefathers. The story of the creation in Genesis, unless we play fast and loose either with words or with science, cannot be brought into harmony with what we have learned from geology. Its ethnological statements are imperfect, if not sometimes inaccurate. The stories of the flood and of the Tower of Babel are incredible in their present form. Some historical element may underlie many of the traditions in the first eleven chapters of that book, but this we cannot hope to recover."

Certain it is, after reading this extract, that one sees the force of Professor Smith's remark "The fundamental beliefs on which our social system has hitherto rested are giving way." When a canon of the Church of England makes such a statement as Professor Bonney has done, they certainly are giving way; for if his

statement be true concerning the first eleven chapters of Genesis, he must resign his belief in the fall of Adam and if his belief in the fall of Adam fail, he must surrender the doctrine of the atonement and many other things which are cardinal principles of Christianity.

The Editor.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

To Sunday School Superintendents:

DEAR BRETHREN: Below are some forms of letters sent to each Stake Superintendent direct from the General Office.

It is hoped you will act on them at once and forward all necessary information without delay.

Of the number of Leaflets to each stake, you have been notified by letter. We hope you will send a complete report of every Sunday School in your stake for 1895 by the time requested also list of every ward superintendent and post office address at once that we may mail them the leaflets by January 1st, 1896.

John M. Whitaker, Gen. Sec.

SALT LAKE CITY,

December 10, 1895.

Stake Sunday School Superintendents.

DEAR BRETHREN: It is important for the health of our Sunday School organization that a closer connection be maintained between you and the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

An aid in this direction is afforded by the use of the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, wherein appear from time to time, in "Deseret S. S. Union Department," communications from the Board which you should be in a position to read.

To this end we suggest you become a subscriber to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, forwarding to them at once your name and address, with remittance, for the forthcoming volume; such subscription to be taken out of the 20 per cent. received by you from the "nickel" contribution for the benefit of Stake Sunday school work, and the copies bound and filed away for reference and use for yourselves and successors, as an official Stake copy.

It would save much correspondence if the circulars and instructions sent to schools were carefully read and preserved for reference. We fear it is too often the case that letters and circulars are laid aside carelessly.

Delays sometimes occur in your receipt from our office of blanks, circulars, notices, etc. It would, therefore, aid us if on receipt of such blanks, notices, etc., you would, *without delay*, send to the General Secretary a postal card acknowledging the receipt of such matter.

Your brethren,

*John M. Whitaker, Geo. Q. Cannon,
Gen. Secretary. George Goddard,
Karl G. Maeser,
Gen. Superintendency of Sunday Schools.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

December 10, 1895.

Stake Superintendency of Sunday Schools:

DEAR BRETHREN: The new series of leaflets, a continuation of the former series, on the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Church history, is now ready for distribution among the various Sunday schools.

The Union Board has decided to distribute ten thousand copies free, apportioned to the various Stakes on the basis of 1894 annual report. We desire that you will at once send us the name of every

Sunday school superintendent in your Stake, his post office address, and how many leaflets you desire sent him out of the number apportioned to your Stake, and to save time we will mail them direct to the name and address furnished. We desire to get them in the hands of each superintendent by the beginning of 1896.

Should any more be needed, they may be obtained at the rate of 40 cents per hundred, by applying to the General Secretary, 334 Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. We trust you will be prompt in sending to each school in your Stake ward reports, minutes, circulars, etc., which have been mailed you, and that we will get your Stake report of every school complete for 1895, and not copy any from 1894 report, by the date requested.

Very truly, your brother,

John M. Whitaker, Gen. Sec.

A SPECIES of tree known as the "lace bark" tree, has just been received at the botanical gardens at Washington. It is a native of Jamaica. The inner bark of this tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibres which interlock each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits have been made from this curious fibre. It bears washing with common soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness equalled by that of cotton or silk, with which it compares favorably both in beauty and durability.

To make a boy despise his mother's care is the straightest way to make him also despise his Redeemer's voice; and to make him scorn his father and his father's house, the straightest way to make him deny his God and his God's heaven.

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

God gave me hands and tongue and eyes,
And parents kind and true.
But I thought life a dreary thing,
I had so much to do.
My trouble reached the climax when
They sent me off to school,
It vaguely seemed a prison house
Of lessons, books and rules.

No words can tell with what delight,
I heard my teacher tell,
About a little frog that lived,
His own way in a dell.
How mother nature made the clouds,
And how the snow she spread,
As blankets white, and soft and warm,
For flowers, a dainty bed.

And I forgot I was afraid,
And mildly shook my hand,
Above my head for leave to speak—
Forgot I must not stand.
And told them what I knew of frogs,
Their homes, their eyes, and eggs,
The funny way a frog of mine—
Or, "tadpole" got its legs.

Days now are not half long enough,
The seasons come and go.
Before we've half got through with spring,
Here comes the lovely snow.
Before its uses we half learn,
Spring smiles on hill and dell,
And what I see and what I hear,
I'm learning how to tell.

God gave me eyes, but teacher dear,
Has taught me how to see.
I feel with bliss that all this earth
Was made for joy and me.
And bliss indeed was mine, when she
Had listened with delight,
To what I'd seen, and what I thought
And said that I was "bright."

HE that does not know those things which are of use for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch of a strong one.

THE VALIANT DEED OF KAYWINGWA.

"You good-for-nothing!" exclaimed Kaywingwa's father, and hurled a soap-stone pot at the boy.

The missile went wide, and Kaywingwa, without awaiting further hints of his father's displeased state of mind, slipped away from the entrance of the sealskin tent and proceeded down the little hill to the ice-bound shore of the bay.

Kaywingwa's father was an Eskimo, and, like all Eskimos, usually good-tempered; and if this time he was angry with the lad, it was not without good cause for Kaywingwa had put down on a rock the last load of seal meat that the family possessed in order to be free to stalk an Arctic hare, and some blue foxes had eaten up the meat.

Moreover, a noise had startled the hare before Kaywingwa could creep within bow-shot of it, and it had instantly bounded off up the mountain.

In an ordinary state of affairs, Kaywingwa would have been highly disgusted with himself for his carelessness about the meat, for an Eskimo boy, even if he were not very old, ought to have known enough not to leave meat lying out of doors without covering it up with rocks. But affairs were by no means in an ordinary state, and Kaywingwa was not only disgusted, he was appalled, for there was not a mouthful of food, except the few scattered morsels left by the foxes, to keep three people alive till Kaywingwa's sick father should be well enough to hunt.

It has been a cold winter in Greenland, where Kaywingwa lived. During the long time when the sun never showed himself at all, when only for a little while between every two sleeps was there light enough to show the outline of the vast, bare mountains, then

the snow had fallen more heavily and the wind had blown more furiously and the cold had been fiercer than ever before in Kaywingwa's life. Indeed, his father said he could not remember a winter like it.

The ice in the bay had frozen so thick that even after the sun had come back, and had been for many sleeps pouring its rays ceaselessly down, never sinking below the mountains at all, but simply going round and round in a great circle in the sky, even then the ice did not break up and float away as it usually did.

There was one wide channel of black, smooth water in the middle of the bay, but along the shore the white ice still clung in a broad field, stretching unbroken to the sea outside.

Because of the smallness of the open water spaces there was little food to be had. The seals had remained in the south, where there were more breathing holes, till very late.

It was only seldom that bearded seals or "oogsooks" had shown their large, black bodies on the floe, and it was on an expedition after one of them that Kaywingwa's father, becoming entangled in his harpoon line after striking his powerful prey, had been dragged down into the water and almost drowned. By good fortune he had escaped death, but his knee had been dashed against a piece of ice and severely hurt. He had been unable to hunt for a long time.

Fortunately, he had killed large numbers of seal during the previous hunting season, just before the sun disappeared for the winter and on them the family of three had lived comfortably until the wounded knee had almost healed.

At last, however, food began to give out; finally there was but one more seal left. It might, however, tide the family

over till the hunter should be well enough to go on an expedition.

Kaywingwa had been sent to fetch it from the place where it had been concealed during the winter, and he had lost it to the foxes.

He had expected a burst of anger from his father, and he knew he deserved it. As he ran aimlessly from the tent down to the shore his heart was full of terror.

There was no chance of succor from other human beings; the nearest neighbors lived on the shores of the next bay to the southward, a journey of seven days away.

He could never reach that settlement without food. Nevertheless it was evident that upon him devolved the duty of saving the family. How was he to do it?

He thought of trying to shoot an Arctic hare with his stiff reindeer horn bow. He had never yet been able to hit a hare, because they were so shy. Still it seemed best to try for a shot at one, and he was about to turn from the shore when something occurred that changed entirely the direction of his thoughts.

A sound came rolling across the level ice-fields—a low, hoarse sound. It was not unlike the barking of one of the dogs that they had at the settlements further south, but much deeper and heavier.

Kaywingwa paused spellbound, his eyes wide open, his breath coming hard. He recognized the noise. It was the bark of a walrus; there must be a herd coming up the bay.

Kaywingwa was a brave little fellow, and his resolution was taken at once. He had never hunted walrus, nor even seal. Those harder tasks were reserved for older men.

He knew that the walrus was perhaps the most dangerous of beasts to hunt; that once attacked, it was fiercer than the white bear, for the bear sometimes ran away when he was having the worst of a battle, but the walrus never did; that, on the contrary, it charged again and again upon its antagonist and that while in the water it could thrust rapidly and fatally with its long tusks.

On the ice, to be sure, it was clumsy, sometimes timid; but, even there, it was not easily killed by the best hunter, for it could be wounded only through the breast. The hide on its back was impenetrable by either lance or harpoon; and only the most daring hunters had the courage to advance directly in the face of the huge creature, armed with those formidable tusks, near enough to deliver the fatal thrust with the lance.

Kaywingwa was not strong enough to use a lance effectively. But he had an idea. He rushed up the hill to the tent, seized his father's harpoon, line and snubbing pole, and, instead of the lance, his own reindeer horn bow and his arrows. Then, without a word to his parents, he dashed down again to the bay and out over the ice.

It took him a long time to reach the edge of the dark, smooth water, but he arrived before the walrus were in sight, and, concealing himself behind a little floeberg, he began to make his preparations.

First, he cleared the strong seal-hide harpoon line from twists, saw that it was firmly fastened to the head of the harpoon, and coiled it up. Then he proceeded to fix the head of the weapon on to its shaft. The head was about half a span long, and not very thick. It was made of ivory, with a steel blade set in one end. In the other was a hole, into

which fitted loosely the ivory tip of the shaft.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

BOOTBLACK'S SHARE.

I WAS sauntering along Broad Street the other day, when I became a witness of a pleasant little street scene worthy of being recorded.

Two ragged little newsboys were trying to sell the earlier editions of the afternoon papers, while a bootblack, with his box slung over his back, was keeping a keen lookout for possible customers. Meanwhile the three boys kept up a running fire of street chaff, such as these arabs delight in.

Presently a man, carrying a large bunch of fine bananas on his shoulder, passed close by. The motion of his body loosened one of the biggest and ripest, and it fell to the sidewalk. The man kept on, not noticing or caring for his loss.

The banana lay on the pavement for about half a minute unseen. Then the bootblack spied it, and, with a cry of delight, he ran over and picked it up.

The two newsboys saw him in the act, and in a moment were by his side, eyeing the prize greedily.

I drew closer, and watched the little comedy with interest. At first, I expected to see the bootblack eat the banana himself, and triumph over his less fortunate companions, and I was agreeably surprised to see him produce a pocket-knife and proceed to cut it into three pieces.

"Very generous," I said to myself. But then I noticed that one piece was considerably larger than either of the other two, and my admiration was somewhat mitigated.

The others also noticed it, and one of them said:

"Huh, Jerry's got the best of this deal!"

Jerry heard the remark, but he grinned good-naturedly, and when the others had gone away with their share, he unslung his box, sat down on it, and looked slyly around him.

I followed the direction of his eyes, and presently saw a little girl, who looked to be about eight years of age, with a little faded shawl drawn around her thin form and a most distressed look on her pinched face.

She had three or four boxes of matches in her hand, but appeared to lack courage to sell them.

"Say, Lu," said the bootblack, in a low voice.

The girl approached slowly and timidly.

"D'ye like bananas?"

The girl nodded her head vigorously.

"Then here's something for you."

"For me?" she asked, amazedly.

"Yes. I saved it for you."

The girl took it in her hand eagerly, and then paused with a sudden thought.

"Where's yours?" she asked.

"I don't like bananas," said Jerry, springing up suddenly. 'Deed and double I don't. An' I've had an apple an' a pear an' a peach to-day. Black yer boots, sir? Shine?"

He was off like a shot, leaving Lu with the bit of banana, and I felt certain that she as well as I appreciated the generous fraud.

—J. H. S.

WHEN the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head, till it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

How the Gibeonites Deceived the Israelites.

ALL the people who lived in the land of Canaan heard of the destruction of Jericho and Ai, and how the Lord had taken care of the Israelites; and they were very much afraid, thinking they would all be killed. So the king of Gibeon called his wise men together and they arranged a plan to deceive the Israelites.

They got some old animals that had not been fed very well for a long time, for pack animals; and they got a lot of dry, mouldy bread and other food packed up for their journey, and they put on the oldest clothes and worn-out shoes they could find and started out to see Joshua.

They lived in a city close by, but they told him they came from a very far country and wanted to make friends with him, for they had heard of his great battles and did not want to be killed.

Joshua said, "Perhaps you live right here in this part of the country and we would not want to make friends with you."

But they told him they did not, and to prove it they said that when they started out their bread and other provisions had just been cooked and were still hot; that their clothes were new and their animals fat; but they had been so long on the journey that they had worn out their shoes and clothes, and their food had got very dry and mouldy by reason of the long journey.

The Israelites looked at their old food and clothing, and, without asking the

Lord what they ought to do in the matter, they made a bargain or promise that they would not kill them.

Three days after that the Israelites found that the men lived near by, but they dared not fight with them and kill them, because they had made a solemn promise that they would let them live; but Joshua and the Elders of Israel told them they should always be bondsmen or servants to the Israelites because they had acted deceitfully with them.

Gibeon was one of the great cities, and when the inhabitants of the country heard that the Gibeonites had made peace with Israel they were afraid, and five of the kings banded together and got all the soldiers from each of the five cities and went up to fight Gibeon, and the Gibeonites sent for the Israelites to come and help them.

The Lord told Joshua to go on and not be afraid, for He would help him. The Israelites killed so many of the men that they began to run away, but Joshua's men chased them a long ways, and the Lord sent down great hailstones from heaven which killed more of the men than the Israelites did with their swords.

Then Joshua asked the Lord to make the day longer, so that they could finish up the fighting while they were about it; and he then commanded the sun to stand still and the moon to stay where it was till they finished the battle, so that day was several hours longer than it would have been.

After they had killed all the people, Joshua had the five kings killed, and then they went on to fight with other cities.

They killed in all the people of thirty-one cities, with their kings, and then the Lord told Joshua he should divide the land among the twelve tribes of

Israel. So he sent men out to measure the land, that it might be divided properly, and after that was done, the people met together at a place called Shiloh and set up the tabernacle, so they would have a place to worship God and to offer sacrifices to Him.

Then the people did not go to war any more for a long time, but stayed at home and attended to their work for a number of years.

When Joshua was one hundred and ten years old he felt that his work was done. So he called the people together and told them he was about to die, and he wanted them to remember all the goodness of the Lord to them in the years past, and to choose whether they would serve the God of Heaven, who had always taken care of them and blessed them, or the gods which the nations around them worshiped.

They said they would always serve the Lord, and Joshua told them that if they did the Lord would always bless them and help them to conquer all their enemies, for there were still more heathen nations in Canaan; but if they made peace with those heathen nations and married among them, and got to worshipping idols, the Lord would punish them severely and let the other people kill them and drive them out of the land which He had given them.

Celia A. Smith.

THE real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less intolerable.

PAUL AND RAY SEYMOUR.

IN a pleasant suburban district near the city of Cincinnati a few years ago, stood a neat, pretty dwelling of modern architecture, easily nestling among clumps of sycamores, elms, and other trees, on the banks of a silvery stream that wound its way in great coils down a gently sloping hill until it emptied its limpid waters into the majestic Ohio.

The occupants of this inviting residence were Judge Ralph Seymour, his wife, three sons, and as many daughters. The judge was a prominent lawyer and had rapidly risen to considerable distinction among his fellow barristers.

Having an extensive practice and being thoroughly acquainted with the laws of the country at large, and especially of those of his native state, his services were greatly in demand. The judge had thus accumulated considerable wealth, and was able to afford his children an excellent opportunity to acquire a good education; this was accepted and so well improved that Judge Seymour and his family were welcome guests to any and all of the social gatherings, either public or private, held in the district in which the Seymours resided. Their circle of friends was by no means confined to their immediate neighborhood, for they frequently received invitations to attend grand balls in Cincinnati and other large cities.

Paul and Ray, two of Judge Seymour's sons, aged respectively thirteen and eleven, were smart, intelligent boys, with kind and courteous manners, and obliging, cheerful dispositions that endeared them to their young associates, and all who knew them.

One day shortly before Christmas while these two boys were talking together, Paul asked Ray what he would like for holiday presents.

"You know, Paul," said Ray, "that pa promised me a new sled and some skates and a new suit of clothes for running errands for ma, and for tending my garden so well last summer. He is always so kind that I am sure he would get me a bicycle if I asked him for one."

"But, Ray," remarked Paul, "such a present would not be proper for Christmas, for you know you could not use it until spring. I'll tell you what I have been thinking about lately. A little circumstance I witnessed yesterday decided me in an opinion I had partially formed previously.

"While walking past Mrs. Placer's yesterday after school, I saw her son Willie running about in his bare feet, with no coat or hat on, and his pantaloons sadly out at the knee. You remember Mr. Placer was killed by an explosion four years ago, and Mrs. Placer has suffered much from want of proper food and clothing for herself and children ever since. I have heard her speak with much feeling of favors received from pa and ma, and how grateful she was to them. I have been thinking that you and I could help her and her poor little children, too."

"How?" asked Ray, with some surprise and considerable interest.

"Let us give up the presents we have the promise of receiving and ask pa to take the money that he would have to pay for them and give it to Mrs. Placer."

Ray's countenance fell and a serious, somewhat doubtful expression was visible on his face.

Paul at once perceived the change in Ray's countenance, and, surmising his thoughts, said, "We have so many nice things left from last Christmas that we can amuse ourselves with them, and shall not feel the loss of new ones. Besides, how happy I shall be to see

Willie Placer with new clothes, shoes, hat, and other things that are so necessary for his comfort! Would you not feel so, too?"

Ray did not reply at once. Visions of new clothes, skates, a sled, and other things he was sure of receiving, flitted across his mind, and he seemed undecided how to answer.

Paul waited a few moments for Ray to make up his mind what he would do, and then said, "Do not deny yourself, Ray, if you would regret your generosity. I do not think kind acts like this should be repented of, so I do not wish to urge you to do it, but I shall. I am going to speak to pa about the matter tomorrow."

Seeing Paul's determination Ray somewhat reluctantly gave a second to the proposition, and promised to join Paul in his liberality and self-denial.

The boys kept their secret during the evening, and, before getting into bed that night, they knelt beside their bed and secretly communicated their thoughts to their Heavenly Father, asking His aid in carrying out their newly made resolution. Ray seemed particularly impressed by the kind, sweet influence that pervaded his mind on retiring, and said to Paul, "I feel so well in thinking of Willie's glad surprise when he gets the nice things our money will buy him, that I wish tomorrow was Christmas, so I could see him. I am glad you thought of it."

Both slept very soundly and arose early the next morning. Shortly after the breakfast meal was finished, Paul and Ray, hand in hand, entered the sitting-room where they found their parents conversing about the coming holidays, and the presents they were expected to furnish. As the two boys approached their parents, Paul quietly

made known their resolution, and asked their father if he would do as they wished him to do in the matter. Taken very much by surprise neither the judge nor his wife could for the moment make any reply.

The judge, recovering himself, and with tears in his eyes, drew his sons to him and, placing a hand on the head of each, said, with emotion, "God bless my noble boys! Yes, your money shall go to Mrs. Placer, but I shall not take it."

Putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out therefrom two twenty dollar gold pieces, he handed one to each of the boys and said quietly, "Now you may go yourselves to Mrs. Placer's and present these to her."

The mother called her sons to her side, and, kissing them affectionately, bade them go at once.

With joyous, happy hearts these two generous little heroes, for heroes they were, (and who is not who denies himself coveted treasures that others may be made happy?) ran immediately to Mrs. Placer's and, handing her the money, Paul said, "Ray and I have asked pa to let us bring you this money instead of spending it for us, and we hope you will accept it, and that it will enable you to get something nice for yourself and your children, to make you happy and comfortable."

Mrs. Placer drew the boys to her and fondly and with great emotion kissed each of them in turn, and, straining them to her bosom, while getting control of herself, said, "May God bless you, noble boys! This," looking at the money, which seemed almost like a small fortune to her, "will indeed make us comfortable, and we shall ever remember and pray for the noble givers."

Paul and Ray left Mrs. Placer's with happier, lighter hearts than they had

ever known before, and returned to their home perfectly reconciled and contented to satisfy themselves with last year's presents.

Mrs. Placer, as soon as Paul and Ray had quitted her house, called Willie and her other children, four in number, to her, and bade them kneel with her in thanksgiving to God for sending them so generous a gift.

When Christmas morning arrived, the Placers found themselves well supplied with suitable clothing, food, bedding, fuel, and many luxuries they had not enjoyed for years, and had some of their money still remaining. Such a Christmas had not been seen in their humble home since the sad accident that took away a loving husband and a fond, indulgent father.

How fared Paul and Ray in the meantime?

Not a word had been said to them about presents; Christmas was not mentioned to them; but the father and mother had observed with happy, grateful hearts, the cheerfulness with which Paul and Ray attended to their every duty.

When these boy heroes opened their eyes on the approach of light in their room, Christmas morning, to their astonishment they beheld all that they had desired to have for holidays in full sight near their bedside. Hastily dressing they ran to their father and mother and, with tearful eyes, but radiant faces, expressed their thanks for their kindly remembrance of them. Mrs. Seymour handed each a little parcel on which was pinned a small piece of paper containing these words: "May the happiness in our humble home, occasioned by your unselfish generosity, ever attend you through the journey of life here, and a rich reward await you in the world to come."

Each little parcel contained a beautiful scarf wrought by the deft fingers of the grateful Mrs. Placer.

Max.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Thanksgiving Story.

I THOUGHT I would write a short story for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"Mary," said the younger of the two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlet, one cold night in December; "tell me about Thanksgiving day, before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep. I want something nice to think about."

"Hush," said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma hear you; come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together. "I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall; and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fishes on the side-table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa, you can't remember papa, Letty,—he was tall and grand like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He brought me toys and sweet meats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Rover's back, and laughed because I was afraid! I used to look for him to come up the street, and then I ran to the door to jump into his arms: he was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one: "please to tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving day we were so happy! We sat around such a large

table, with so many people—aunts, and uncles and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty. And Betty made such sweet pies! And we had a big, big turkey. Papa would have me sit next to him, and give me the wish bone, and the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me on his lap, and tell me about Red Riding-hood, and call me his pet, and bird, and fairy. Oh, Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I'm going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty, "does papa, up in heaven, know that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears; unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven, with such a thought. "Hush! mamma will hear."

Mamma had heard. The coarse garment, upon which she had toiled since sunrise, dropped from her hand, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Emma Loveless, age 13 years.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

HERE the voice from the past coming echoing o'er
The ages so silently flowing, ...
That awakes from his dreams that he slumber no more
The lover of beauty, a glowing.

'Tis no stranger's harsh voice that is thrilling the pure,
Its sweet music gently is suing;
Like the tones of a friend that with love would allure
The heart that so fondly he's wooing.

'Tis the voice of the shepherd now calling His sheep,
They follow; so gladly they're going
To the fields of ripe truth, where the sower will reap
In joy, though he wept in the sowing.

And at night in the fold of their Lord they will lie,
In safety while storms fierce are brewing.
Soon the Sabbath will dawn, then, the angels will fly,
And flowers in their paths they'll be strewing.

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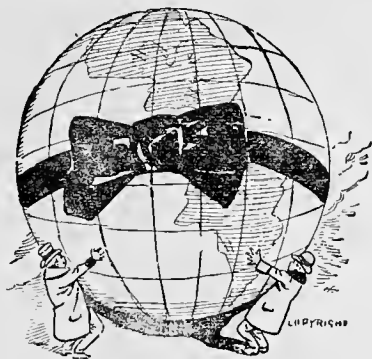
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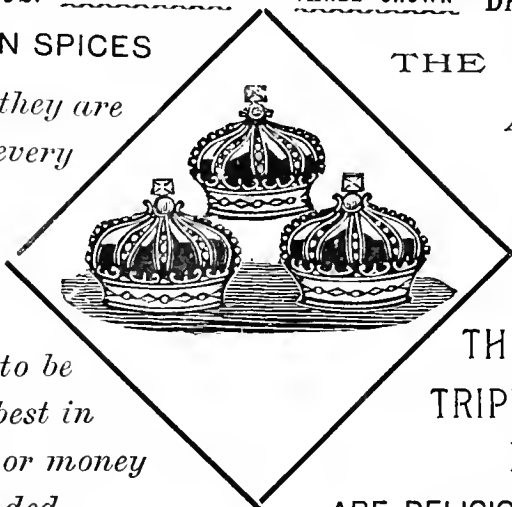
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